sion toward the overhanging bushes.

whir of the approaching motor grew

loud. Quick as a flash June reached

for the telltale rope which had be-

under cover of the matted bushes.

trayed this hiding place and drew it

Louder and louder grew the whir. It

was just upon her. With her heart beating so that her ears were full of

the sound of it. June peered out through

her leafy screen. Orin Cunningham!

He circled the Island in his swift little

cutter, his keen eyes searching every-

where. He passed within ten feet of

her. She held her breath lest he might hear it. and once as his eyes turned

full in her direction and she thought he

had certainly detected her hiding place

He passed on, however, and, running

his light little boat ashore, stepped out

and went up to the hut, the only pos-

sible place of concealment on the is-

land. June had a swift debate with

herself. Should she leave her conceal-

ment and, running her motor at its

quietest speed, slip away down that

other channel while Cunningham was

in the hut? That debate was settled in

an instant, for up the other channel

alipped the swift little speed boat car-

Fing Edwards and Gilbert Blve!

Blye's dark, handsome face was with-

out its usual suave smile, and it wore

a look of concern as, making a quick

It seemed ages before they came

away, and they had apparently made a

thorough search, for they even stooped

down as they came outside to peer un-

der the stilted foundation amid the

rubbish which had accumulated there.

When they had gone away June re-

mained for a long time in her hiding

place, but finally she stepped from her

boat and crept from her concealment

Thirst, inspired by the fever of her ex-

citement, had driven her forth in

There was a cask of water in the hut.

brackish and stale, but it was water,

and she drank of it from a rusty old

tin cup which hung to it. She had just

set down the cup when her quick ears

ped to the door, ready to make a dash

for her boat, but as she set her foot

upon the threshold she saw the dark

gray prow of a skiff protruding its

woman. The skiff rode low in the wa-

ter, and from under its tarpaulin flaunt-

June laughed in relief. It was good

to see human beings who were not in

pursuit of her, who would befriend and

protect her, and she had almost run

down to meet them when suddenly

loud, angry voices came from the frall

little craft. There was a bitter quarrel,

in which the woman took a shrill part.

and as the boat landed the woman

jumped out and stooped swiftly. The

man with the scraggly mustache and

the scattered tufts of beard on his face

jumped ashore, cursing. The woman

like a cat, jumped for the man with a

long knife glittering in her hand. The

knife flashed down, and the man stag-

gered back. The gleaming blade was

raised again, but before it could de-

scend the huge, rawboned man, who

had jumped from the boat, caught the

June saw no more. She ran wildly

around the little but, looking vainly

for some place of concealment. A rusty

es, two straw pallets-that was all.

cupboard. In the celling June's fran-

tically roving eyes found a trapdoor.

one of its boards loose. On the wood-

en wall beneath it was a series of

There were voices below. The quar

rel, whatever it had been about, had

evidently been settled, for the woman

was laughing, and so was the big, raw

boned man. June peered down through

s crack in the ceiling boards. These

two and the lean fellow with the

hook nose were loaded with all they

could carry. The big man with the

scar on his chin dropped his heavy

bags on the floor with a clatter, and

rolled out of one of them. The woman

bundles, and the lean little fellow was

loaded with silverware. As they de

posited their burdens on the floor the

ent articles of jewelry, clothing, etc.

The men were at the table an in

credibly short time. They gulped their

food, and then, tired and sleepy, they

lay down on straw pallets for a few

minutes of honest rest, while the cold

attic looked down with ravenous eves

on what they had left. The odor of the

hot coffee made her feet faint. Only

The important thing to June in he

predicament was to devise some mode

of escape, but the opportunity to do

CHAPTER III.

strangely as she cleared away

the remains of the breakfast

and washed the dishes. From

they started cooking a meal.

terror kept her on the alert.

so was terrifyingly remote.

leeding profusely.

ed existed.

woman's arm.

in swiftly and, with a shriel

ed a fringe of celery leaves.

detected a low, steady hum. She step-

search of drinkable water.

landing, he hurried up to the hut, fol-

lowed by the plodding Edwards.

she almost screamed.



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Blye.

"Wilkins, get downstairs. You

he looked out across the waves. The

escaping beauty was rounding the

miniature of June in his hand and rec

ognized the rasping voice of Honoria.

"Well, we've located your darling!"

And there was a shrill cackle. "She's

band. And the yacht is anchored out-

yawning and wondering why the world

eyes roved constantly over every ves

sel around which they crept. In the

bottom of the boat were a huge bundle

of celery and a loosely piled tarpaulin.

The man at the stern, a lean, wiry

circled the two adjoining docks before

barges lay; then the skiff glided in

beneath the overhang of the barges,

from within. The man picked up a

There was not a living creature in

The woman looked up at the house

the mysteries which it might contain.

She slowly rose and cast aside her

shawl. She had been beautiful once.

She still bore traces of it, would have

shown more traces had she not been

"It's a wonder Jake wouldn't take a

chance on the break-in once in awhile,"

she complained. "He's as light on his

"But I ain't so quick in the head."

"That'll do!" growled the leader of

The woman shrugged her shoulders

and put her roughly shod foot into the

big man's outstretched palm. He raised

slowly and lifted the woman straight

up so that she could draw herself on

"All right, Ben." The woman's face

peered over the rail. "Say, it's a nes-

that he knew the silken hung house-

Bobbie Blethering's roadster before it

turned and whirled away toward the

docks. Honoria Blye in her electric

coupe was headed for that destination,

too, and on the yacht Gilbert Blye was

superintending with impatient energy

the loading of the gasoline tanks in

The thoughts of all these people

and drew himself upward.

the two small boats.

unkempt and in frowsy clothing.

the party. "Up with you, Babe."

hastily complimented Jake.

boat as if she were estimating for

club and pounded. No stirring.

with the scar on his chin,

birds of prey.

feet as I am."

extravagance could devise.

side the bay. Good morning."

home in Brynport.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

In the Clutch of the River Thieves. CHAPTER I.

IERE was a wild clanging of bells on the yacht Hilarity as the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of dawn. At the foot of the landing stairs beautiful June Warner, her big, lustrous eyes widened in terror, had cast off the swift little motor tender, and the dark, handsome face of the black Vandyked man, peering over the deck rail, was distorted with rage. He shouted again | Iris, seven minutes to make him comhis impatient commands to the officer on the quarterdeck.

Sleepy sailors were on deck now fumbling with the davits on each side From one swung a little covered cutter and from the other a long, narrow · racer. Blythe sprang to assist the

sailors lowering the racer. On the dock as the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of the girl who was speeding toward the dawn stood the well known and justly | marshy shore a low, gray skiff with a famous private detective Bill Wolf, his portable motor attached to its stern short, thick body stiff with the chill of skipped in and out of the dimness the long night, and by him stood an among the black hulls at the river's overcoat and cap. Bill Wolf's round edge. In the skiff were three rough face and the visor of the cap were looking men and a roughly dressed



The Escape of June.

turned toward the river, where in midstream streaked the speedy little motorboat Flash, which had been stolen from that dock while the overcost and cap peacefully slumbered. In the boat at the wheel sat'a natty little figure with a chauffeur's cap and a tiny mustache. Upon his face was a beatific smile, and his eyes sparkled and snapped with the exhibaration of this divine moment. Behind him sat, stiff as a ramrod, a woman with high cheek bones and an expression of grimly pa tient determination on her lips.

"Voila, Mhe, Marle!" cried the little chauffeur as he cut a long, graceful curve between two slow moving barges. "Did I not say we would swish?"

Marie's stiff lips worked for a moment, so that she could enunciate. "Volla!" she hoarsely uttered. "Volla.

For only a moment the well known and justly famous private detective Bill Wolf looked after the swiftly swishing Henri; then he turned and pounded up the dock, racing for the nearest telephone. First of all he called the Eagle Eye Detective agency and secured a report from its wireless department: then be roused out of slumber a sharp faced, long nosed woman with high arched brows, who caught up her bedside telephone with instant alertness in

her bendy eyes. "Well, I got him!" came the hoarse voice of Bill Wolf. "He's on board the yacht Hilarity, and, say, with the

Immediately Honoria moved very swiftly. The sleepy eyed steward stepped out upon the deck of the Hilarity with his

uniformed jacket buttoned askew. "Beg your pardon, sir." he said, "Don't lower the boats for a moment."

"What!" shouted Gilbert Blve. "The gasoline sir. It did not arrive until an hour ago.'

"And there's no gasoline in these tanks?" roared big T. F. Edwards. pushing forward.

"You infernal idiot!" yelled Orin Cun-

"Lower those bonts!" shouted Gilbert

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Hunting a Place, No Matter How Desolate, In Which to Hide.

bride, who was at that moment skirt-Suddenly the woman leaned forward | ing the marshy shore and bunting a and touched the nearest man on the place, no matter how desolate, in knee. He was a big, rawboned man which to hide,

with a bronzed face and a deep scar on his chin. The woman pointed, and marshes. She ventured into it a short the man turned his evil eyes in that distance, but it led to nowhere, and direction. Surrounded by black coal she hurried out again to the open wabarges was a shining houseboat with ter. A small boat rounded the point. brass rails, mahogany cabin and all and for a moment June's eves disthe fittings and appointments which tended. Involuntarily she crouched.

ellow with a hooked nose and a lean HE three river thieves in the exaw which ended in a big knob on each quisitely furnished houseboat cheek, slowed down the engine until worked with deft rapidity. It it was noiseless. They completely was the woman's swift, intuitive part to discover hiding places; the they came back to the slip where coal lean Jake's to discriminate in values: Big Ben's, with nippers and hammer and screwdriver, to rip off brasswork, and the big man with the scar on his to open drawers, to rend and tear and chin knocked on the hull. No noise splinter if need be. Within an incredibly short space of time they had the skiff piled high with the richest and sight except these four early morning the best which the houseboat had con-"All right, Babe," growled the man

tained; then they spread the tarpaulin over their plunder and disposed their bunches of celery so that the green leaves protruded in a fringe from under the edge of the tarnaulin; then the herself its plan, arrangement and all heavily laden skiff, with its four passengers and its loot, wormed its way clumsily from amid the barges, looking like an innocent farmer boat. The sun, now a golden ball in the eastern mist, looked down upon a the brass stopcock of a washbasin harborage busy with the pursuers of the little runaway bride. Henri and carried silks and fine linens in her

Marie were swishing swiftly; Ned and Bobble and Iris were leaving the dock in Bobbie's speedy little cruiser; Honoria Blye and the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, a bench. were putting out into the river in the Eagle Eye Detective agency's steam yawl, its stovepipe stack rolling black smoke and cinders and hot sparks bared his left shoulder. There was an back over the already blackening passengers: Gilbert Blye and the beavy lidded Edwards were just leaving the Hilarity in the keen little racer; Cunningham had been slow and below decks when they put off, but be follow now in the cutter. The racer and the cutter speeded straight for the The lean Jake stepped forward point around which June had disappromptly and climbed up over the big peared. Tommy Thomas waved a scarf man's back, perfectly contented now after them and shouted absurd instructions to them, but Mrs. Villard boat to be empty. The third man with stood quietly by the rail, her eyes fixed

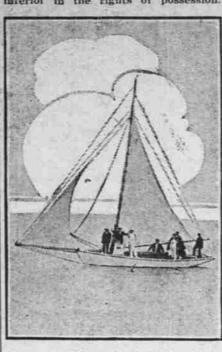
little patches of half formed beard on somberly on that distant point. his face took the rudder; then the huge Slowly June raised from her crouch Ben jumped up, caught the deck rail ing position. The cling of the small boat which she had sighted seemed to For the hundredth time Ned put his be fainter rather than more distinct. head out of the window. At last they It was fading into the distance when were coming! He seized his coat and she looked, and from its red stern she hat, hurried down to the street and knew that it was not one of the Hilarjumped into the mechanic's seat of ity's boats. Once more she breathed a sigh of relief, but even as she did so had come to a full stop; then they she heard a familiar sound—the siren whistle of the Hilarity's cutter! And

it was near! Frantically now she scanned the HE woman below was acting shore. There was another inlet just ahead of her, and in desperation she steered into it. It was a narrow but distinct channel, winding about amid time to time she passed near her husa tangle of shrubbery and marsh grass | band, bending over slightly, and finally and stunted trees, with here and there she stopped beside him and listened to a larger tree rising from a mound of his breathing, but she shook her head solid earth. There were high banks and went away. Big Ben was quite presently and then a tiny island, in the plainly fast asleep, sprawled in comcenter of which was a decrepit hut plete relaxation, while lean Jake was June was about to step ashore when snoring with great energy. The woman stooped and touched her hus-band's shoulder. He moved slightly, she heard the low purring of a motor The cutter! From the sudden shut-inness of the sound it had entered the and she went back to her dishes. The inlet. In terror June jumped back into next time she came he did not even the boat. The hut seemed deserted. twitch at the touch, and with deft fin-There was no smoke rising from the Barbed wire cuts, ragged wounds, colchimney and no one to protect her if she were found there alone. She was lar and harness galls heal up quickly away in a flash, circling the island when BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT From the other side she saw that the is applied. It is both healing and antichannel led away into the marshes, septic. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. probably to another inlet, and she had Sold by the Madison Drug Company.—

started to dart down this lonely water- Adv.

way when suddenly she spied a rope trailing out into the water from under and extracted a little chamois bag. some bushes matted with marsh weeds
The whir of the motor was rapidly advancing. She could scarcely hope to

eyes told with what bitterness she had escape unseen. Her wits sharpened resorted to this bold step. Of more by her peril, she steered with swift devalue than her husband, even in his low profession, she was still his supine They parted as her prow ran into inferior in the rights of possession.



What she had was a gift from him, and, as June had beard him put it himself, he gave her what was good for

The woman! She was coming up the ladder! The fugitive hidden in the attic was stunned by this unexpected ac-

Nearer and nearer came the woman's head, and nearer and nearer to the edge of the trapdoor extended June's strong young hands!

"Babe?" Flub stirred uneasily. The woman was down the ladder like

No answer. The man was still sound asleep. The woman stood over him for awhile to make sure of this and started for the ladder again. Halfway across the room she hesitated, turned, walked swiftly to the end of the but and hid the little chamols bag beneath a loose stone behind the stove.

She was putting away the last of the dishes when suddenly she stopped, turned, and a slow smile spread upon her lips. Her eyes burned with a somber fire. She went over to Big Ben point around the bend of the lower and deftly secured a long, slender channel! She darted back out of sight | cigarette holder. She crossed swiftly and, looking through a crack in the to her husband and inserted the holder board wall, saw in the skiff three in his top vest pocket, so that its rough looking men and a rough looking shining tip protruded. The water cask stood by Big Ben's head. With a gleam in her eye the woman went over, filled the rusty tin cup and deliberately poured a fourth of its contents over Big Ben's face.

> ."Excuse me." she laughed as he jumped up and with the same motion jerked a revolver from his pocket. He grinned at her sheepishly as he and he wiped his face with his sleeve. "You done it o' purpose." he speculated, chuckling. "Think so?" she dimpled

> Big Ben's eyes brightened. "I believe you're after that shawl." across at the sleeping man with vindictive hatred.

"Take it." urged Big Ben, "and if shawl and clumsily threw it around the woman's shoulders. She looked down at the shawl and toyed with its long, delicate fringe. She took it off slowly and gave it back to the man. "Nothing doing." she sadly decided;

then she slowly turned and looked at stove, a rickety table, some rule benchber husband and walked away. There clinched. was a softening in Big Ben's eyes as There was no other room, not even a she walked away, and then he, too, glanced at the sleeping Flub. He strolled to the door and came back. Sudden ly he stopped. The gleam of something yellow had caught his gaze. He walked close and bent low. He pulled the cigcross sticks, and without hesitation arette holder out far enough to identify June ran up this rude ladder, shoved the trapdoor aside and scrambled into it and pushed it back; then he gave the sleeper a kick.

"Get up, you thief!" he roared. Flub sprang up, dazed.

"What's that?" "I said get up, you thief!" roared Big Ben as lean Jake abruptly stopped snoring and jumped up. He was halfway to the ladder before he realized that this was not a raid, and June, divining his intention, rose swiftly and put her hands on the loose clapboards of the roof. Ben jerked the cigarette

Flub seemed dazed by the accusation, but suddenly he let out a yell. Mechanically he had reached in his vest pocket, as was his habit when the chamois bag was there, and had discovother man came in and sat heavily on

"My diamond?" he yelled. "It's "Well, Babe, you sliced me, all right," gone!" And his face turned white as he grinned, and, throwing off his coat, he looked around the tense group. he loosened his shirt at the neck and Slowly comprehension came to him. "You framed me!" he suddenly shoutugly wound near his armpit, and it was ed, pointing a trembling finger at Hig Ben. "You copped my diamond; then June clapped her hand over her you planted this cigarette holder so mouth to prevent a hysterical outcry. you could"while her senses swam. She was see-

"You're a liar!" bellowed Big Ben ing phases of life that she little dreamand sprang for his accuser. A knife gleamed in Flub's hand, and The woman made a laughing reply he slashed savagely at his onrushing and after the people exhibited differopponent. With a roar of rage Big Ben caught the descending wrist.

wrested the weapon from it and plunged it to the hilt in Flub's breast. There was a plercing shrick from the attic and a tearing of boards. The woman, quick of mind as she was of and starved little runaway bride in the body, was the first to comprehend what that might mean. She sprang to the ladder, but as she went she cast a backward glance at the lifeless man on the floor. There was no shudder in her, only cold triumph.

"It's a girl! She's on the roof!" cried the woman as she gained the attic. Lean Jake was the first out of the door, and Big Ben just after him. They rounded the corner of the hut just in time to see June jump from the roof and dart for her boat. It was the woman who caught her.

"Let me go!" implored June. won't tell!" Those last three words would seal her fate in the mind of any murderous thief. Big Ben had caught her roughly by the arm, and now he looked in quiringly at the others.

"Drown ber," advised Lean Jake, who was more full of fear than a thief should be. "She knows too much." All three of them looked at the water. It spread far into the marshes and it held its secrets well and long. Without a work Big Ben swung June up in his arms and started with her to the water's edge, while she uttered

shrick upon shrick. A shot and then another answered June's piercing shricks, and down the channel from the inlet swiftly sped the little cutter, with Orio Cunningbam at

the wheel, revolver in hand. "Hands up!" yelled a strong voice and another shot startled the air of the marshes, Gilbert Blye! He stood up

in his racer, and over the wheel bent heavy Edwards, his eyes narrowed and his thick lips firmly set. Big Ben had dropped June at the first shot and had reached for his revolver. Lean Jake had dropped tlat on the ground behind a bowlder, but

before Big Ben could return the fire of the oncoming boats from the Hilarity he was confused by a shot from an other quarter, and through the reeds of the marsh there pushed a narrow steel gray motorboat, in which stood a tall man with a soft but and a loosely knotted cravat. A stranger! And he was nearer to the belpless June than her pursuers from the Hilarity! She ran toward

him like a deer, and as his driver drew close inshore June sprang into the "Hurry!" she cried. "Please hurry!" The man, evidently an artist, from the canvases and folding easel in his boat, followed her terrified gaze as she glanced back, her terror divided between the murderers on the island and the men in the boats. The artist lowered June to a seat beside him, and, with a word to the driver, they darted away toward the channel. A shot whizzed over their heads as they started, and

per channel. The man with the white mustache paid no attention to Big Ben as he steered his swift little cutter around the island and struck into the lower channel after the artist and the beautiful young girl who had escaped from the attic. Nor did the man with the

shot after shot resounded from the up-



black Vandyke waste any time upon saw the sparkle of mischlef in her eye, the astonished thieves as his boat, too, whizzed around the curve. Lean Jake raised up from behind his bowlder us the boat shot by, and the three-Babe. Big Ben and Jake-looked at each other in bewilderment. Another boat came swishing down past the island was driven by a blazing eved little chauffeur with a tiny mustache, and he was shouting at the top of his voice. Behind him sat stiflly a woman with Find sells it tell me." He picked up the high cheek bones and a wilderness of gums, and she, too, was shouting:

"Voila! Voila! Voila!" Another boat! In it were two men and a woman, the driver a plump faced little man with deep concern upon his brow, the woman hysterical and the other man with his teeth and fists

For ten minutes Babe and Big Ben and Lean Jake stood there in dumb SEE RUNAWAY JUNE AT THE OPERA HOUSE EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

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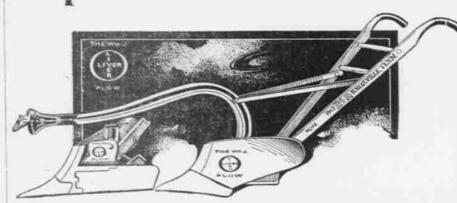
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